Love Cats

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8333764.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M, Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Beverly Katz
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Romance, Halloween, Genderfluid Character, Genderfluid Will, happy Will, Confident Will, Young Will Graham, Alternate Universe, Panties, Accidental Voyeurism, Friendship, Cat Ears, Halloween Costumes, Team Sassy Science, Illustrated, Anal Sex, Nonbinary Character
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Quicksilver Timestamps
Collections:	#Hannictober
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-20 Words: 4,137 Chapters: 1/1

Love Cats

by Weconqueratdawn

Summary

An unrepentantly cute Halloween fic featuring Bev's Halloween party, a pair of fluffy cat ears, a Team Sassy Science cameo and another stalled date for Will and Hannibal. Gorgeously illustrated by theseavoices!

Belongs in the Quicksilver AU - Will is a student and genderfluid, and Hannibal is utterly besotted with him. Can be read as a standalone.

"I'm not going to wear a costume," Will said. "Stop trying to guilt me into it."

"Aw, come on. For me?"

Bev was leaning against his open bedroom door, a glass of Wild Turkey in one hand. Probably she'd stay there until he caved. The last time he'd ended up agreeing to a double-date and he wasn't falling for that trick again.

"I'm getting ready," Will pointed out. "So if you don't want to see what you're about to see, I suggest you move along.

Notes

I've posted this as a timestamp as it doesn't really fit into the main series. Can be read without reading that first (though I hope you will if you like it :)). Fits somewhere between Les Fleurs and In Your Hands (though it's the wrong time of year).

Thanks to wraithsonwings and lordofthelesbians for beta <3

And a quick note on pronouns for new readers - Will doesn't mind which pronouns are used for him. Hannibal tends to use he/him and Bev uses she/her. I have used he/him throughout to refer to Will.

See the end of the work for more notes

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Ah!
The Element
of Surprise!

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“I’ve seen plenty before,” said Bev, gesturing a bit too enthusiastically. A little whisky slopped onto the rug. “Oops. Want some?”

“Is there any left?”

“Ha ha. You should be honoured. No one else is getting any - this is the good stuff. I’m keeping it up here.”

Will pulled a face. “I don’t really like the taste. But maybe.”

“You can’t have date night nerves? I thought he was dreamy and perfect?”

“I never said that,” Will said. “And it’s not him.”

Bev handed him the glass and dropped onto his bed with a bounce. Will sniffed its contents - it reminded him of cheap perfume, but sort of sour. He took a big burning gulp and gave it back.

“Is it the party?” she said. “You’ll only be here for an hour.”

“I know, I know. But it’s still my least favourite thing. And Zeller always stares at me.”

“He likes you,” Bev smiled. “Staring and being hostile seem to be his flirting style.”

“I don’t like being stared at in my own home,” Will said. “Okay, I either go with the jeans and the floaty shirt or the blue dress. Which one?”

“Where are you going?”

“Some art gallery has an opening show, so there, and then I’m taking him to that Korean place.”

Bev winked at him, and grinned. “And then back to his, right?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Will said, trying to pretend there wasn’t a stupid smile spreading across his face. It didn’t help that Bev was actually craning forward to get a better look at it.

“You’re actually blushing. Oh man, you’ve got it so bad. Not that I blame you - he is *super hot*.” Bev took another swig. “Go with the jeans, casual is good.”

“Jeans it is,” Will said, holding them up against himself critically. Very briefly, he imagined Hannibal popping them open, and large, warm hands sliding underneath the denim. *Definitely* the jeans, then. “Wait, aren’t *you* supposed to wearing a costume?”

Bev was in her movie night clothes - flannel pyjamas and a printed T-shirt which read *Ah! the element of surprise*. She didn't look like someone getting ready for a party.

"I was waylaid by trying to persuade you into the Halloween spirit."

"You should really stop trying."

"Never."

She put her glass down and stretched herself out on his bed, arms behind her head. Will sighed, shrugged and began to get changed. He'd just pulled off his sweatpants and was stepping into the jeans when he heard a sharp intake of breath behind him.

"Are you really wearing the kitty underwear for your date?"

He paused, and turned around. "They're *dog* paw prints." She continued to stare at him open-mouthed. Will sighed again. "Like you said, casual is good. Sometimes I wear jeans, sometimes dresses, and sometimes I wear stuff with dog prints on. And he needs to know about that."

Laughing, Bev raised her now-empty tumbler in a salute. "Atta girl."

*

Downstairs, Bev had been busy. There were several huge plastic bowls of chips in the kitchen and the usual, cheap Halloween decorations dangling from the ceiling. The living room, though, was something special.

"I think they call this gallows humour," Will said, as he heard Bev coming down the stairs.

"Welcome to the pathology lab," she said.

A sign on the door had said 'MORGUE' with a bright-red handprint smeared across it. Inside were a lot of metal shelving units, decorated with sample jars filled with coloured water and joke-shop body parts. On a gurney in the corner, a 'body' was covered with a sheet, a luridly decomposing silicone arm hanging down from its side. There was a medical trolley full of drinks in beakers, petri dishes filled with jello and candy worms, and a rack of suspicious-looking green-and-white layered shooters in test tubes.

"What're these?" Will asked.

"Disgusting. I'm going to make Zeller have one - watch." Bev took out a bottle and poured a dribble of red liquid into one. The white stuff curdled into thick tendrils, which swirled about in the glass. "They're called Zombie Brain Hemorrhages."

"Right," Will said. "Can you point him away from the couch when he pukes?"

"If you wear these, I'll provide a bucket."

In her hand was a pair of fluffy black cat ears on a headband. Only then did Will notice her costume. Ears, whiskers, a long black tail.

"You're a cat?" he said. "Isn't that a little boring?"

“Excuse me, I’m not just any cat. I’m a cat in a lab coat. A *Katz* in a lab coat, if you prefer.” She did a twirl. “What? Cats are cool.”

“Whatever you say,” Will smiled.

“Don’t you dare criticise, you who won’t wear a costume. These,” Bev said, brandishing the ears. “Put them on. Now.”

“Will you leave me alone if I do?”

“I’ll stop nagging you about a costume, yes. But you’re going to help me make some bloody eyeballs.”

*

Bloody eyeballs turned out to be a blueberry pushed inside a lychee, held together with a cocktail stick. Soon they had stained fingers and a glass bowl full of them.

“You’re frowning,” Bev said, bumping him with her hip. “Grumpy kitty.”

“I’m wearing your reject ears like you wanted. You didn’t say I had to smile as well.”

She started to laugh. “They match your underwear - it was meant to be.”

Will went to rinse his sticky hands at the sink. “*Dog* prints. Not cat prints.”

“Yeah, whatever. Come on, let me take a photo. You look cute, even with a frown.”

“Do I have a choice?” Will said, smiling now, and knowing he didn’t.

“Say ‘miaow’,” Bev said, holding her phone up.

“I hate you, by the way.”

“Shut up,” she said. “Hey look, that’s a good one.”

It wasn’t bad at all, apart from the ears. He wasn’t frowning, but he wasn’t really smiling either - just looking straight into the camera, lips slightly parted. Like he had a secret he wasn’t telling.

“You should show your boyfriend, he’ll treasure it always.”

“It’s too soon for cat ears,” Will said. “I’m drawing a line. I’m already pushing it with the underwear.”

Bev was still fiddling with her phone, not really listening.

“What are you doing?” said Will. “You’re not putting that on Instagram?”

She looked up then, with a huge shit-eating grin. “Well, I am now.”

Will rolled his eyes, and pulled the tray of Rice Krispies treats towards him. They were moulded to look like brains. “It’s raspberry syrup you want on these, right?”

*

Much too quickly, the house filled up with people. Although Hannibal would pick him up soon and he could leave with a clear conscience, Will still couldn't make himself linger among the crowd. There were too many bodies, too many different voices. Instead, he hid in the kitchen as much as he thought he could get away with. From there, the noise dulled to a mass of indistinct murmuring which was gentler on his nerves.

The beginning of a party was the easiest part to manage. There were fewer people and he could focus on the preparations. Bev's lab friends had arrived a bit early to help, and at least Will knew them and they knew him. Jimmy was friendly, with an uncomplicated geniality, and Will could relax a little in his company. He talked to Will about fly fishing lures and forensic entomology while they emptied bags of popcorn into more bowls and dotted them around the house. Zeller barely spoke to him. He just managed to refrain from commenting on the cat ears and looked at Will's ass when he thought Will couldn't see. Will had pointedly ignored him.

"I'm not hiding," he said, when Bev walked in.

She looked him up and down. He was sitting on the kitchen table, eating leftover popcorn from the bag.

"Yes, you are," she said. "But that's okay. I'm not the party police."

Bev pulled out a chair and put her feet up on the table. "So, got butterflies yet? Your date will be here soon."

Will kicked her chair. "No. Maybe." He looked at his handful of popcorn. His nail polish was getting a little ragged around the cuticles - he should probably have re-done it before tonight. There was an unspoken question hanging in the air, which he'd mostly managed to avoid before now. "Do you like him?"

"Truthfully? I'm not sure," Bev said. "He's opaque - I can't see under that very impressive surface like you can. But he's treated you well so far. And you seem happy."

Will nodded. "Thanks for being honest."

"Any time."

If his nails hadn't had polish on, Will might have chewed one. He looked down at them again. "I am happy. With him. And I do know we're an odd couple."

Bev leaned back, narrowing her eyes in concentration. "I don't know, I think you look sort of good together. Like maybe you both don't quite fit into the normal, boring world and neither of you want to. Makes some kind of sense."

"Thanks," Will said, lamely, knowing he was blushing again. It didn't seem like a big enough word.

The doorbell rang, and even though it was the sound he'd been waiting twenty minutes for, it still made him jump a little. He slid off the table but before he could take a step, Bev pulled him into a hug.

"He'd better fucking appreciate you," she said, face smushed into his shoulder. "Or I'll kick his ass."

Will laughed and hugged her back. “You’re so drunk. I can tell, because you’re having emotions at me. And I know you will.”

“Shut up. Drunk but honest, that’s me.” She released him and brushed her hair back out of her face. “Make sure he knows I’ll kick his ass too. Now go, have fun, get laid.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow - enjoy the party. Don’t sleep with Zeller again.”

“God, no,” she said, giggling madly. “He’d probably be thinking about you, anyway.”

“I did not need that image-” Will said, kissing her on the cheek and picking up his bag from the floor, “-and especially not right now.”

He waved goodbye and went to get the door. Any thoughts he might have had of Zeller in uncompromising positions immediately left his brain as soon as he opened it. Hannibal was on the doorstep, wearing a patient and gently-amused expression. His hair was looser than usual, falling over his forehead, and he was wearing a dark suit with the red sweater he sometimes wore in the mornings. Will thought he might be staring stupidly.

“Hi,” he said, and grinned.

~*~

Hannibal blinked once, twice, before a warm and involuntary smile washed over him. Will smiled back from the just inside the house, leaning against the half-open door. His beauty was always striking, something which could never be wholly reproduced in memories. Every time Hannibal was confronted with it anew, he was reminded of the imperfections of the mind. There were a thousand nuances to capture. It might take him years to do so. Such lovely, fresh cleverness, and clear, expressive eyes.

And tonight, soft, trailing curls, crowned with a pair of very unexpected cat ears.

Will’s eyes widened, as he realised what Hannibal was smiling at. He made to snatch them from his head, but Hannibal was too quick. His fingers folded around Will’s wrist and held it gently. The cat ears were left undisturbed where they sat, dark and velvety against his hair.

“Bev made me,” Will said, blushing deeply. “She’s having a party. I forgot about them.”

“They’re very fetching,” said Hannibal. “Is that the end of your costume? Or is there more?”

Will levelled him with an unimpressed look. “Stop making fun of me.”

“I’m not,” smiled Hannibal. “Perhaps you have a tail as well? No? A pity.” He made a show of lifting up the back of Will’s long shirt, craning his neck to look underneath it.

“Yes, you are making fun,” Will said, drawing nearer and pressing his lips once to Hannibal’s.

Although still on the doorstep, it was impossible to resist slipping his arms around Will’s slender waist. His skin radiated warmth through his thin shirt, despite the cold October air.

“We will have to say you are a Manx cat, then,” Hannibal said. “As they are meant to be tailless, and you could never be anything other than perfect.”

Will laughed and wriggled closer still. “You are so full of shit,” he said, before kissing him.

His lips opened immediately to Hannibal’s. His taste, and the heat of his mouth, was heady, exhilarating. It had been far too long, Hannibal decided. Only a week, but that was now an impermissible length of time to go without sight of his irreverent, unpredictable loveliness. His hands crept proprietorially over Will’s back, and slid up under his shirt. Will grinned into his kiss when Hannibal caressed the skin above the waistband of his jeans, then pulled away.

“There is something,” he said, smirking and looking up at Hannibal from under his lashes. “It’s not technically part of the costume. You can see it later. But if you want to see now, you’ll need to come upstairs.”

He was confidently hopeful, with his fingers curled into Hannibal’s woollen sweater. On the other side of Baltimore was a gallery, where people were milling blankly about, talking loudly with their backs to the paintings. Paintings which Will would appreciate and say surprising things about; things which Hannibal wanted to hear. But in front of him, Will’s lips were wet and his mouth was soft and open. And Hannibal’s palms still lay on the smooth skin of his back.

“Maybe I had better make sure you don’t have a tail, before we leave for the evening,” Hannibal said. They could visit the gallery the next day, it would be quieter and more suitable for conversation. And right now he would enjoy Will’s simple and uncomplicated eagerness.

Will laughed and tugged him inside. “It might be embarrassing, to find out later that I had one all along. Make sure you check very thoroughly.”

*

From inside the house, the noise was distinctly that of a college party. Thudding music, shouts and laughter poured from several rooms, and there came the unmistakable clack of a pool table from further down the hall. Will listened carefully for a few moments then pulled Hannibal up the stairs by the hand.

“I’ve been waiting to escape this for most of the afternoon,” he said. “And now I’m voluntarily coming back to it. I’d rather no one knew we were here.”

At the door to his bedroom, Hannibal caught him around the waist again and spun him around. “But this is very different kind of party,” he said with a smile, backing Will inside.

“Oh yes, much more my kind of thing,” Will agreed, unbuttoning his own shirt before tugging at Hannibal’s jacket. And then, kissing him impatiently, “God, I’ve missed you.”

Will threw his shirt off, kicked off his boots and climbed onto the bed, watching with hungry eyes as Hannibal removed his jacket, sweater and began to work on his own shirt. When he was finished, he knelt beside Will on the mattress, and captured his mouth in a longer, fuller kiss.

“Are you going to show me the rest of your costume now?” Hannibal asked. Will’s chest was bare and creamy-pale, and he drifted his fingers over it.

“You might think it’s silly.”

He took Hannibal’s hands and guided them down to his jeans. Hannibal undid the button and pulled the zipper down slowly, to reveal what he wore underneath.

“Paw prints?” Hannibal smiled up at him, then yanked his jeans open.

Will gasped and his cock gave a visible twitch in his panties. He clutched at Hannibal, flushed and breathing hard already. “It’s just a coincidence I’m wearing them - they’re mine, not part of a costume.”

Hannibal ducked his head to feel the thin patterned cotton under his lips, stretched over Will’s cock. He smelled clean, musky, heated.

“Fuck,” Will groaned. “Wanted to show you I don’t always wear lace.”

“You were testing me,” Hannibal said. He plucked at their scalloped edge with his teeth and let it go with a snap, then pulled Will’s jeans down further.

“Yeah, I guess I was. Am.” Will lifted himself up so Hannibal could take them off completely.

Hannibal knelt over him again, and mouthed more insistently over the hard ridge in his panties. Will moaned loudly, before smothering it with his hand. The panties were the kind many teenagers and young women might wear, deliberately so. Simple printed cotton, black paw prints on white, with a red trim.

“Does our age difference bother you?” Hannibal asked, catching Will’s gaze. “Or do you find it arousing?”

“Oh shit,” Will said, making a grab for the sheets and twisting them in his fists. “Yes, I think, is the answer to that.”

“I think-” Hannibal chuckled, placing a kiss on Will’s stomach, “-that you are a very naughty kitty.”

Laughing, Will covered his blushes with his hands, peeking out between his fingers. “I can’t believe you just said that.”

“And yet you seem to like it,” Hannibal replied.

He eased the panties down, just enough to expose the head of Will’s cock. Hannibal dragged his tongue over it, tasting him finally. The flesh there was tender, soft and sensitive, while below his hard length strained against the elastic waistband. He sucked it into his mouth, lapping gently to encourage the fluid which welled there. Will groaned, muscles tensed as he tried to keep still.

Hannibal let him slide out of his mouth with a loud, wet noise. He tugged Will down the bed by his hips, until he was flat on his back. Will grinned and straightened his headband. It had fallen askew, pointed ears sliding to one side. Before Will could sit up on his elbows for a kiss, Hannibal whisked his panties down further and pushed his thighs back against his chest.

“Oh,” Will said. And then said it again, when Hannibal dipped his head, down below the panties, and nuzzled into the space between Will’s thighs.

Hannibal smiled, and gave a long, luxurious lick.

~*~

Bev only wobbled a little on her mission for more beers. She might be drunker than she’d thought but she was still winning the pool tournament, and that was what counted. The party still raged in

the living room. She stuck her head in to check no one else had vomited on the couch, and then noticed Will's bag was still in the hall. Strange. She'd just assumed that had been Hannibal at the door, but maybe something had happened?

A quick glance out the window confirmed that it had been him. There was a very large and ostentatious Bentley parked outside. Brave, leaving it there in this neighbourhood. She shrugged - on his head be it.

So they must both be in the house. Which was odd because this didn't seem like Hannibal's kind of event and Will had been waiting all day to make his escape. Why wouldn't Hannibal have just scooped him up and rode off on that hulking great charger? What kind of crappy rescuing knight was he, anyway?

They hadn't been in the living room when she'd checked, and there was no one in the kitchen. She stood at the bottom of the stairs, thinking. There was only one place they could be. Was Will okay? Could they be having a fight? She'd just go stand on the landing, to see if there were voices, and come back down if everything sounded normal.

Except when she got there, she realised she'd made an error. Or rather, someone else had made an error.

Will's bedroom door stood open, just a sliver, but it enough to get an impression of an undulating, muscled back and too many naked limbs for one person.

Shit. Bev sprang back to the wall, hand pressed to her mouth. It was no use, though, she'd already seen what she shouldn't have. And all of a sudden, like they were just coming into focus, she heard the noises which really should have given it away sooner. Stifled moans and huffed breathing, and wet, slapping sounds. A bed frame creaking rhythmically.

She froze, eyes screwed shut, as if that would make it any easier to ignore what she'd just accidentally glimpsed. Or the sounds. Which seemed to be speeding up now. *Oh great.* She could either move or stay stuck here like an idiot, with a ringside seat to her best friend's approaching orgasm.

But now she was hyper-aware of every shifting, squeaking floorboard under her feet, and creeping away wasn't as easy as stumbling across them had been. As she passed the door again, it was impossible not to take another look. Most of what was on display belonged to Hannibal and she had to it admit it was pretty impressive. And at least he seemed like he knew what he was doing.

Lucky girl, she thought, before pulling the bedroom door closed and heading back downstairs. She definitely needed that beer now.

~*~

Will felt as if his orgasm had been building for hours. He couldn't move, pinned against the bed, held firmly in place. Usually he liked to push back - take what he wanted, when he wanted it. But he found he liked this too - letting Hannibal fuck him, trusting him to make it good. And what Hannibal had suggested about their age difference bounced around his mind, spreading arousal thick throughout his body. It wasn't strictly true, but it also wasn't untrue, and right now it was so dirtily right. Being fucked on his bed, the girlish panties round his thighs trapping his cock against his belly, just *taking it.*

And while still wearing a pair of Halloween cat ears.

He laughed and grabbed Hannibal's neck, drawing him down into a kiss. He was smiling too, colour high in his cheeks from exertion. As their mouths met, Hannibal slowed his thrusts so they were long and deep, until Will was moaning once more and forgetting to be quiet. He arched his

back as much as he could, chasing the thick slide of Hannibal's cock. They were both close. Hannibal's fingers gripped him tightly, pressing into the meat of his thighs and holding him open. All it took was for Hannibal to reach under the panties, twisting his wrist just so as he stroked him, and Will was coming in his hand.

Soon after, Hannibal groaned and shuddered with his face against Will's neck, and Will tightened his arms around him. They were hot, and sticky, and Hannibal sought his mouth again. It was barely more than a press of open lips and panting gasps as they both caught their breath. Will twined his fingers along the hair at Hannibal's nape, and sank into a deep bonelessness until his legs began to ache. He slid them from Hannibal's shoulders, muscles shivering with strain, and Hannibal climbed onto the bed beside him. They settled cosily together, in no hurry to get dressed and leave.

"We missed the show, didn't we?" Will said. It had been Hannibal's half of their date - they had agreed they would each choose something to do. The restaurant was one Bev had introduced him to - it wasn't fancy but it was good, and he thought Hannibal would appreciate it.

"If we left now we would be in time," Hannibal said. "But the gallery will be there tomorrow, and the next day. And I may never see you in these again." He tweaked one of the cat ears. "So it was an easy choice."

"Remind me to show you Bev's Instagram. There's a photo on it which might interest you" Will stretched, and rubbed his cheek against Hannibal's shoulder. "What if I'd had the full costume? Tail and all."

Hannibal smiled. "Then you would have been a very bad kitty, indeed."

Will laughed at him, then rolled over and sat up.

"If I'm a bad kitty-" Will pulled the headband off and set it firmly onto Hannibal's head. "-so are you."

He flicked one of the ears and bent down to nudge his nose against Hannibal's. "Dare you to wear them to the restaurant."

End Notes

Title (obviously) taken from The Cure.

Hettienne Park shared her glorious insights/headcanons into Beverly at the Behold the Red Dragon Con, including her liking to shoot pool and drink whisky. So that's canon, as far as I'm concerned :) And if you want to make Zombie Brain Hemorrhages (though I don't know why you would), here's the recipe.

For a complete list of all the stories and for easy viewing of all the art, we made a QS website.

I'm on tumblr and twitter (and very occasionally on pillowfort and dreamwidth).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about here.

Works inspired by this one

Illustration for Love Cats by TheSeaVoices

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